

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



GOLDIE COMES TO THE RESCUE.

## THE HEIRESS OF CHEEVELY DALE.

CHAPTER XIX.—FRENCH LEAVE, AND A LONG WALK.

WHILE the family at the Downs were in little less than consternation at the disappearance of Goldie, he was breathing far more freely than he had done for some time. The conversation he had had with Hugh Marvel-dine the night before had sunk deep into his heart. "So," he thought, "I am to go to be a slave, at the will of a tyrant who will force me to sit for hours over books I hate, and will strike me if I refuse to do it." The picture of "school" as a prison rose vividly before

him many times that night, the ordeal he must pass through in entering one, when his ignorance would be exposed, and he be degraded to the lowest rank in it; this, together with the defeat all his hopes must suffer if he submitted to his uncle's wish, sat heavily on his spirit, and he could hardly command himself so as to preserve his usual unmoved appearance during breakfast. He strolled out immediately after, avoiding the lads—which they easily permitted—and followed by little Violet. For an hour or more he diverted his thoughts by completing a large toy ship, and the pleasure caused by her supreme delight as she watched made the time pass

quickly; but, the task over, his mind reverted to the mortification in store for him. The little girl entreated him to launch the vessel on the garden pool, but he shrunk from the sight of the house and its inmates, and told her he was going to walk, and she must seek some other hand to complete her delight; and when she, somewhat disappointed, but too happy to complain, turned homewards, he went on to find St. Mildred's Mount—for hadn't Hugh Marveldine told him he could see the sea from it? He was quickly there, and the breeze fanning his face seemed to carry away all the moody feelings which had been gathering in his heart since he had last seen it.

It was but a walk from St. Mildred's to the beach—a long walk—but not too long for him, for he was fleet as a roe. His step was lighter than a bird's, the house-keeper often had said, when admiring his agile movements, and praising them to his uncle. He looked back—there was the dingy house, or the clump of stunted trees behind which it lay; he thought of Mr. Marveldine's intentions for him, of the patronising air, as he imagined, of his sons; of the girls he knew nothing, though May had tried to be kind to him, but her mother's health imposed too much work on her to suffer her to spend much time in courting his confidence. Little Violet! he liked her. She did not seem like the rest. She had sought him out, and chosen him, and followed him. He smiled to think of her delight at his last gift. But she was the only bright spot in that dark mass that lay inland, which the more he looked at the more he hated; and before lay the road to his home and his liberty, beside the free and beautiful sea. He must go onwards. He must reach the bay, or at least the cliff. He was some miles from Balla; perhaps the sands did not stretch out so far. There were some parts of the coast where the rocks rose precipitously—no shelving land, no beach.

He walked—he flew onwards—and every step confirmed him in the resolution of returning to Balla. He found, as he had half suspected, that there was no walking ground beneath. Looking over, he saw that the small, shingly ridge that was left at low water was now covered, for the tide was coming in. What then? He would keep on the cliff till he could see Balla Towers—the rock that formed one end of the bay—and, once in view of that, he was at home. To slide or scramble down the cliff at that point would be pure pastime.

He had a walk that would have wearied him under any other circumstances; but, at last, the tall tower rose before him, purple in the distance. He hailed it with delight, and, sooner than he could have hoped, reached its grassy summit. With an exulting smile he prepared to let himself down to one of the broad ledges that helped to make the surface a nearly perpendicular staircase, when a wailing cry arrested him. What was it? He listened, and it was repeated. "Mother! mother!" in accents of anguish, echoed sadly through the rocky fissures.

Lying down at the extreme edge, he looked over, and there beheld Nancy Carey's child—a girl a year or two older than himself, lying on the very ridge to which he was going to descend. She was evidently injured. She lay motionless, her hands grasping as with a death-grip the slightly irregular face of the rock.

"Is it you, Nanny? are you hurt? and can't you move?" he asked, though he could well have answered all the questions himself.

"Never mind. I'll help you; don't fear," was his next address; though how to help, or even encourage, was by no means apparent.

To get on to the same ledge would have been dangerous, as he could not alight upon the exact spot that he wished; and, in striking her, he might precipitate her to the bottom. His plan was soon formed. Running farther, he got to another descent, and, by perilous jerks and jumps, and climbing and sliding, worthy of Nancy in her best days, reached the girl, who, taking heart from the prospect of help, had ceased her cries.

"I'm too badly hurt to move," she told him. "My foot's twisted under me in getting down here. I'm rightly served. Mother bid me never to come."

"But you have come; and now, how to get away," said Goldie. "I have it. Look here. Here's the Warren close; you must shuffle on as I lead you, and I'll keep between you and the edge, and if you can get into the Warren you can wait till the pain stops, and you can walk, and I'll run and fetch your mother to you."

Nanny's hands were benumbed; she knew she could not hold on much longer—she felt growing dizzy with pain, and her cramped position; she could not escape destruction if she remained. So, at the cost of intense pain, by the help of the intrepid boy, whose preservation from the fate he was rescuing her from was marvellous, she reached the Warren, a cavity in the upper part of the cliff which was sometimes used by the smugglers as a hiding-place when it was inconvenient to be seen about, and also as a safe watch-tower from which to exchange certain signs with comrades on the sea. There was a succession of such cavities in the whole of Balla Towers, at different heights, which had been made easily accessible by those who needed their use; and Goldie, to whom none of the natural mysteries of the bay were secrets, soon swung himself from point to point, and landed unharmed on the sands beneath. That is, where the sands had been, but where the sea spread itself now. What of that? He could make foot-room at the base of the rock; and, almost exhausted with fatigue and emotion, he reached Nancy's hut, just as she was leaving it in terror to search for her child.

"I have searched for her in Balla," she was crying; "and where can she be?"

Wearied and overcome as he was, Goldie was struck by the frenzied anguish of one who had never seemed to have more feeling than the rock she lived on. He quickly told his story, and was as quickly left by himself, while Nancy hurried to the Warren to see her child.

He looked around him: what should he do? The bay was deserted; all were out fishing; no one had seen him; he was spent with fatigue and want of food; he looked into Nancy's hut, there was no appearance of supply or comfort there; he looked towards the rectory, but spectres—Mr. Marveldine's school—perhaps punishment, for leaving without permission, rose before him. His uncle, indeed, he did not fear, but he could not trust him; he would relent and forgive at his entreaty, he knew, but he would also be guided by Mr. Marveldine's advice, and carry out all the hateful plans designed. Yes—he knew he would. So, turning upon his heel, he took the road from the bay, and walked as briskly as he could, foot-sore as he was, towards the Rocky Heights.

#### CHAPTER XX.—MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THE reader must be quite at home in Mr. Goldison's study, where, on the evening of the day of Goldie's flight, the rector sat, complacently dreaming over again some pleasant incidents in the past, among which was the generous help afforded by his friend Marveldine to deliver him from the effects of his supineness towards

Goldie. At ease—disencumbered in mind—he indulged in the most peaceful, amicable reflections towards all mankind. He forgave Rosalie for making him a guardian: "after all, it was but natural!" He forgave John Boyce for expecting him to take on himself the onerous task of making his baby son into a scholar, feeling satisfied that the task would be executed by the instrumentality of another; he forgave himself and all who were to blame for remissness on the score of Goldie's education, and he was very happy—for thus to dismiss all grudges, all grievances from his heart, was most pleasant.

Five days had passed, and he had heard no tidings from the Downs, but he was satisfied to believe that "no news was good news." No doubt friend Marvel-dine had already worked wonders with the dear boy; he had fixed on a proper school for him, "and when we have settled him in a good school, as Marvel-dine says, we shall have done all that can be expected of us," he said, really believing that, though he had, as his friend remarked, looked no farther than "through the window" for one, he had a full right to say "*we*." His dream was not over till he had beheld in it the completion of all that an excellent school could do for excellent abilities and a super-excellent disposition, for both of which he gave Goldie credit; and he smiled as he contemplated the delight he should have in giving a finish and a polish to the classic taste and attainments he was infallibly to acquire. His eye roved over his books; as yet, none of them would be intelligible to him, but *soon* he hoped—yes, now that the work was well taken in hand—*soon*, doubtless, and he nodded silently at the venerable tenants of his well-filled shelves.

Slipley, depending on Goldie's promise to be quiet about things that didn't concern Mr. Marvel-dine, if he should be so interfering as to inquire, was quite reconciled to his loss. It gave her more freedom and less trouble; moreover, it had produced a charming effect on her master's spirits and temper. He was as placid as Midsummer morning, and had lost the peevish fit that had hung over him of late.

But she didn't expect this state of things to last; she was much better acquainted with the young gentleman than her master was, and she was sure that Mr. Marvel-dine's house, unless furnished with good bolts and bars, or bird-limed with other fascinations than she believed it to possess, would not hold him long. Therefore, being wise in her way, she made hay while the sun shone; *i.e.*, she did all the mischief that his presence would have made inconvenient without delay, counting on his not far-off return.

There was one point on which Mr. Goldison had for him been always sternly particular; and this was the absolute forbidding of his house or premises to a noted smuggler who was brother to his housekeeper and father to Gandy. This man's life had twice been very near to forfeiture, and his hands were not free from blood. Not until he had exacted a promise that she would hold no communication with him, did the rector consent to engage her services. But loud was she in deploring that she should ever have been allied to anybody so wicked. The rector's antipathy to sin of all kinds, smuggling especially, was far below hers, if you could judge from her outcry against it. Wasn't it most cruel and malicious that her name should be aspersed through him? The injustice and hardship of such a measure made her weep till the rector got quite nervous, and fancied he had done unwarrantable outrage to her feelings; he was almost prepared to apologise for exacting the promise, which, nevertheless, he did not do. This brother the

reader has already seen, notwithstanding the housekeeper's solemn repudiation of the family tie, and earnest vows that he should never cast a shadow on the rectory threshold, for he it was that little Goldie had discovered in confidential talk with Mrs. Slipley on the night of his transit from her chamber to his uncle's study. It was not often that "Black Loddie," as he was called, made his appearance; it answered his purpose better to be "here and there and everywhere" than to have a settled habitation, and his visits to Balla, where he always contrived to taste the rector's cheer, were irregular, and seldom expected long beforehand.

Goldie had glimpsed him, by some curious chance, at almost every visit. It was in vain that Slipley took every precaution; by accident or design it so fell out that he always got a sight of him. His sleeping-place had long been removed to a small room facing the sea, but, such a child as he was, he never stayed where he was put, and never was where you expected to find him! No doubt his natural curiosity, after having once discovered that Slipley had a visitor unknown to his uncle, led him to watch. Certain it was that, by hook or crook, he got to know the swarthy face well. *Too well*, Mrs. Slipley was sure; and for some time she had transacted all business with much inconvenience at places which were both dangerous and unpleasant; too frequently, for, as he grew older, and was less manageable and accessible to such bribes as she could offer, the hazard naturally increased. Her "hay" at this period of the "sunshine" of Goldie's absence was, therefore, to have a long, undisturbed interview with her proscribed relative; for she had heavy arrears to square with him, and weighty affairs to talk over.

It was the soft twilight of a fine evening; the rector's last demand on her attentions had been made; she had removed the supper-tray, and placed his night-taper on the accustomed spot ready for use; one look round the room to see that all was right, one final inquiry if she could "do anything more," and the door closed for the night on her master and *interruption*.

So thought Mrs. Slipley, but the wisest make mistakes sometimes. At the accustomed window (for the doors were barred, bolted, and locked, and the keys in the study), in ten minutes from her descent from depositing them there, Black Loddie appeared and entered; and, free from the fear of listeners, now that she was delivered from Goldie, and had given her niece, the hand-maiden who waited on her, and her nephew, Gandy, leave of absence for four-and-twenty hours, they were soon engrossed in very earnest conversation, which rose considerably above a whisper. Once or twice Loddie looked cautiously at the door that opened on the house passage. "What's the matter?" asked the housekeeper; "I have slipped the bolt outside the green door, so master couldn't come if he would, and there's not a soul besides in the house." Reassured, Loddie mixed a strong potation, and again they were deep in consultation.

"What's that?" cried Loddie, suddenly turning the candle down in the stick, and at the same moment there was a clatter of hoofs in the yard.

"Get up into my room; quick!" said the housekeeper; "who can it be?"

Before Loddie could find the door to the chamber above in the darkness he had made, the window, which was only closed, not fastened, was thrown up, and a voice, which the housekeeper knew to be Mr. Marvel-dine's, exclaimed, "This is the window I saw a light from. Holloa, there! any one stirring? You haven't had time to get to sleep yet, I'm sure, if you were awake when you snuffed out your candle."



To heighten the confusion of the scene, Mrs. Slipley, in her attempt to remove the signs of feasting, made noisy havoc among the crockery.

"What! have you got thieves and marauders here?" he cried again. "Nay, then it's time to join your party; come in, Hugh," and in another minute the great burly figure made good an entrance into the room, his son following.

While thus engaged, the housekeeper contrived to guide Loddie to the door, through which he could safely ascend to the apartment above, setting up as she did it a cry of "Thieves! murder! robbers!" with all her might.

"What about thieves?" said Mr. Marveldine; "light your candle, and let us look at them."

"Oh dear, sir; sure it's you, Mr. Marveldine, dear heart. What brings you at this time, and to come through the window in that way?"

"It was time somebody should come, for thieves had stolen your tongue, Mrs. Slipley; I'm glad you've got it back again," said Mr. Marveldine, who stumbled over the broken crocks with the fragments of food that lay on the floor.

"I'm afraid I interrupted you at supper; I thought you'd been early folks," he said, while with trembling hands she essayed to strike a light.

"Your flint and steel don't seem so well acquainted as they ought to be," he added. "Let me do it; I am not so easily frightened, you see," and, suiting the action to the word, he soon produced a blazing match.

"Now, then," he cried, lighting the candle, "let us proceed to business; your master is in bed, I imagine, and alone; I mean, no one else in the house?"

The housekeeper, panic-stricken, curtsied an answer.

"I must go to him—I must see him; will you take the light, and go before? Hugh; you had best remain here, lest the thieves should return and frighten Mrs. Slipley into another dumb fit."

The housekeeper perfectly understood the meaning of these words, and the tone in which they were spoken, and, trembling with anger and fear, took up the candle to light the way.

"Locked in?" said Mr. Marveldine, as she unfastened the green door; "well, you had no design that your master should be stolen, that is evident."

"He's a bad sleeper, sir, and I always fasten the door to keep the noise from him."

"Very considerate, indeed; this is his door? Very well; knock at it, and announce me; say—there, just get the door open, and I'll tell him myself."

It was some time before the rector, who was in his first sleep, could be aroused, and still longer before he could be made to take in the fact of being wanted by a visitor at so unseasonable an hour, he, like his housekeeper, having gone to his room with the firm and reasonable persuasion that he had done with interruptions till the next morning. As a habit, he slept with his door locked.

"If you'd please to open the door, sir," said the housekeeper.

"Open the door?" cried the amazed rector.

"Yes, sir; you're wanted, sir."

"Why, it's not—surely—you don't mean to say—?"

"No, sir, it isn't," said the housekeeper, "and it's just about half-past one, and I'm very sorry to wake you up."

"Yes, I'm sure she is, and I'm very sorry too; but I must see you, and that directly, on business," said Mr. Marveldine, shaking the handle of the door.

"Marveldine! why, what's the matter?" and very

soon the door partially opened, and the rector's head, in his night-cap, appeared.

"Put on your dressing-gown, and come into public, my good fellow, as soon as you can," cried Mr. Marveldine; "I'll wait here for you."

The door closed, and he turned to Mrs. Slipley and said, "We shall want beds—anywhere, and anyhow, we are not particular; and for once I could find neither man nor boy about the place to look to the horse. Is there no man in the house?"

"Dear sir, how should there be a man in the house, and me all alone in it with master, and the boy and girl both gone holiday-making?" said the injured Slipley, who knew very well that Loddie had dropped from her window, and was far enough away by this time.

"True; how, indeed! I was going to say; if I hadn't seen one, I should never have thought of such a thing; but you ought to know best."

*Seen!* Was ever such a thing heard of! Wasn't it her shadow that he saw through the blind? and hadn't she been obliged to be up clearing away because of letting Gandy and the girl go out; and wasn't it enough to make her put out the candle to hear such a noise at that time of night?

Of course such arguments were quite conclusive, and what but an unreasonable man would have remained unconvinced.

"Look you! that may deceive your master, but my eyes to your tongue are two against one; so go and let your company out creditably through a door, and let him rub down my horse; I shall say nothing about him to the rector to-night."

While the housekeeper protested that the house should be searched to prove her innocence, the bed-room door opened, and the rector appeared, with a look of consternation on his face.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—HEAVY TIDINGS.

A nod from Mr. Marveldine silenced Mrs. Slipley, and the rector stared at both, still bewildered and scared by their appearance at so unseemly an hour.

"How am I to account for this?" he asked.

"I'll account for it. Get us some supper, Mrs. Slipley, and a couple of shakedown after it. We stay here to-night," said Mr. Marveldine.

"Poor Slipley!" said the rector, whose return to consciousness showed itself in sympathy for his housekeeper, as he looked at her pale face; "it's hard to work all day and get broken rest at night."

"I'm afraid I disturbed her, indeed," said Mr. Marveldine, with a mischievous look, understood by the housekeeper, but lost on her master.

"And now!" exclaimed the rector, seated by lamp-light in his study, and his friend opposite, "tell me—though I fear to know—what has brought you at this hour?"

"Don't fear anything. I apprehend no mischief," said Mr. Marveldine.

"Then why?"

"Then why wake you at two in the morning? Very good, that's a proper question; well, it is because I am such a fidgety fellow, I like to do things without loss of time."

"What things?" asked the rector, not at all satisfied by his friend's evasive tone.

"Hah!" said Mr. Marveldine; "what things? Why, you will guess I have come about Goldie?"

"So I feared—ill?" asked the rector, faintly.

"Not that I know of. I expected to find him rather tired, and gone to bed."

"To find him?" cried the rector, half rising from his chair.

"Quietly," said Mr. Marvelldine, laying his hand on his arm. "He is in bed somewhere, no doubt, and asleep too, I don't doubt; the only question is—where?"

Mr. Goldison could not speak for emotion, and Mr. Marvelldine gave a full account of all that had occurred at the Downs, and of the exertions that had been made to discover him. "I thought we were sure of finding him here. Now don't wring your hands, and we shall have found him before his father and mother come to claim him. Depend on it, he is safe enough; he is not a likely fellow to come to any harm. I don't think a night without shelter would hurt him; better that than that he should get a herding-place among his friends on the bay."

Finding that the rector would not be consoled for the present, at any rate, Mr. Marvelldine went to see if supper was in progress, and what had become of Hugh.

Mrs. Slipley, who, on weighing chances, came to the resolution that, if she kept her own counsel and stood to her story, Mr. Marvelldine might be brazened out of his suspicions, at any rate to the satisfaction of her master, determined to put on as amiable a face as nature would permit her, and was busy in preparing a savoury meal. As to Hugh, as the man his father had seen there had vanished in a mysterious manner, there was nothing left but for him to rub down the horse and house him for the night, a service which the poor beast greatly needed, having been on the trot for many hours on rough roads.

When father and son were seated at supper—the rector walking up and down the room most disconsolately—Mr. Marvelldine, having somewhat recovered his spirits and temper, which seldom flourish with the best under fatigue and hunger, assured his friend that the affair was a mere nothing, and that he had little doubt the young runaway would present himself with the early morning.

"And when he comes?" sighed Mr. Goldison.

"What to do with him? First of all flog him," said Mr. Marvelldine.

Mr. Goldison shuddered.

"My dear friend, there's nothing like it. Look at that boy Hugh. Come, Hugh, do you think you would have been half the fellow you are if I had spared the rod?"

Hugh laughed, not choosing to betray the cause of boys by making the admission. The rector smiled a sad smile at him, and renewed his question, more, however, to himself than his friend.

"I'll have him back, keep him under lock and key till I can fix him in a school at once; it's your only way. He is as ignorant as a heathen, and as wayward as a woman. A good strict school, and that at once, is his only chance, believe me."

While the rector and his guests were thus arguing the point of Goldie's destination, they forgot the old cookery-book requirement of "catch your fish," etc. How long passed before those large blue eyes—now softly languishing with all his mother's tenderness, now glaring fiercely with his father's ungoverned passions—returned his uncle's affectionate gaze is not to be told here, only it must be said that the next day, and the day after, and days many passed and passed, and no trace was to be found of Goldison Boyce.

#### BRIBERY.

THERE must be something ludicrous in the manner or person of a man who has been bribed, to account for the

"laughter" and "continued laughter" which accompanied the work of the Election Commissioners, with whose operations we were all made so familiar last year. The court, or whatever it was, seemed to sit in a cackle for days together. Southey, I think it was, said that, if he were an undertaker's mute, the sadness of the scenes in which he took part would, he fancied, compel him to seek relief in leap-frog between successive interments. Perhaps the sense of the melancholy exhibition of hundreds confessing their shame day after day partly accounts for the relief both spectators and Commissioners found in laughing and joking over the procession of political offenders. Let us hope so, at least. Nothing can be more saddening to an honest man than to discover all these cracks in the walls of the constitution.

Of course, at times a really odd phase may turn up, and the gravest might find it hard to suppress a smile at the faces made by a recusant on having the legal stomach-pump put into him. There must be some comicality in seeing a smirking hypocrite, half restive and half sublime, emptied slowly by inexorable cross-examination, till he goes out with a stink like a candle. The muddle he makes when he tries to separate his lofty and shining principles from the dirt which sticks to him, his compulsory penitence, his wriggings and protests, may occasionally result in a ludicrous grimace or gesture; but, as a rule, the offender is monotonously commonplace. One is brought forward after another, with the same pitiful ending; and, as column after column of these petty sinners is strung up in the daily papers, one's heart sickens to ask how many more there may be. If Yarmouth, for example, is such a foul pond of bribery that we stood wondering on the brink, as the excavators keep on throwing up spadeful after spadeful of mud, and still the bottom was not reached with weeks of steady digging, what may not be the condition of a hundred other places? Where can we set our foot and feel sure it will not sink into a bog? The whole business looks worse and worse as we look at it. There is nothing in the case of Yarmouth to lead us to suppose it is exceptional. It is not a small borough. The bribery was not confined to one party or one section of the voters. Men in comparatively easy circumstances took bribes. And the blindness of the "better" sort to the sin of bribery appears by the assurance many gave that they were not corrupted themselves, but only helped to corrupt others. Why, if there is any difference between them, the briber is worse than the bribed. Is the procurer innocent while the harlot is guilty? Is the seducer upright though his victim falls? Which is viler, to make a man drunk, or to be overcome by liquor? If bribery be wrong, the man who causes it is the chief offender. The actual fault begins with the man who offers a bribe; without him, there could be no bribery at all. And yet, again and again, while he reveals the names of the little men he has corrupted, or whose capacity for corruption he has used, he lays his hand upon his waistcoat, and triumphantly assures the Commissioners that he was paid nothing himself. Suppose a man were to help in poisoning a well, would he justify himself, or in any wise lessen his crime, by saying that he did it out of regard for the chemist at whose shop the drugs were procured?

Some attempts have been made to show that a man has a right to sell his vote, that it is his property, and that, as he may bestow it where he pleases, he may bestow it for what he pleases. At this we will look presently; meanwhile there is some hope for the nation in the fact that the exposure of the doings of electors in the boroughs which have been examined, has called forth

general condemnation of them. How far the corrupt voter, who lives in a corrupt society, is affected by the verdict of strangers it is difficult to say. It is to be feared that a multitude of evil-doers support one another in their shame. Indeed, many a convicted voter has admitted the receipt of a bribe with an air of indifference which is significant of his consciousness of sympathy from those among whom he lives. What does he care how the outside world is shocked if his own street does not blame him? Indeed, the sense of shame at having been bribed seems often wholly absent from some whose test of morality is the having voted as they were paid to vote. To them a man who takes a bribe, and then votes against the briber, is alone guilty of dishonourable conduct. It is no harm to serve the devil, if you don't cheat him.

Still the voice of the public, however much some who cry "Shame!" may congratulate themselves that the bull's-eye of the Commissioners was not turned upon them, is decided in saying that the corruption which has been revealed is a disgrace to the nation; and, while the shameful revelation went on, the many who were tired of reading it, and found they could not continue to talk of it, yet felt the impression deepen in their minds that such a long-drawn stain upon the records of the people involved a remedy deep as the constitution itself. The public is stung into no sudden indignation. It looks at the evidence sadly, but steadily. It has received no sharp insult, but has been compelled to swallow a heavy meal of shame which will take some time in its digestion. Men who had a general impression that some loose fish were often bribed, especially in small boroughs, but set them down as those held in dishonour even in their own town, are silently aghast at what they have now learnt. They had no conception that the rot had spread so far into the timbers of the house. They are waiting now to realise the evidence which has been made public, and the wide-spread corruption which it indicates.

Meanwhile, can we see any one principle which is at the bottom of all this venality? I think we can. We will approach it by looking at what the briber and the bribed might say for themselves. The man who considers his vote to be his property listens to a candidate. Mr. Blank wishes a seat in Parliament. He comes forward with pure intentions. He says, "I don't intend to lay out a farthing on my election beyond the legal sum. All my accounts shall be made public; I will have no treating. If you choose me, you will have an honest man, who will represent you carefully in the House, and do everything to promote the interests of your town." "Now," the elector might argue, "if we have him, and he is as good as his word, the place will be improved. He will reside among us, and know what we want. He will back up the railway which we need to develop our trade. He will support local Acts beneficial to our borough. He will oppose any attempt to strike us out if there should be a redistribution of seats. He will be our faithful servant, and see that we take no harm by legislation."

And suppose that on the strength of these hopes he is elected, without the spending of a shilling in bribery; suppose he is as good as his word, where would be the harm?

Just this. The principle upon which he appeals to the voters is that upon which the coarsest bribery rests. The grateful electors thank the man who looks after their interests. They learn to measure their member by the good he does to their town; and that means the support of their institutions and the filling of their

pockets by the increased facilities given to their commerce or manufactures by legislation.

Presently another election comes on. Mr. Blank is a candidate again, upon pure principles. But an opponent appears who promises all the consideration shown by Mr. Blank to the borough, and in addition gives ten pounds or twenty pounds to every voter who hesitates between the two. Could not these voters argue, "After all, this new man plays the same tune. One looks after our material interest, the other does the same, and gives the assurance that he is in earnest by presenting us with a purse of money. Come, we will have our faithful servant and the money too."

And who can show the fallacy in their reasoning? What is the fundamental difference between a candidate offering to protect and advance the supposed material interests of the voters in the borough as an inducement for them to elect him, and the giving them so much money for the same purpose? True, in the latter case the form which the temptation takes is illegal, but does not the temptation in both cases rest upon the same grounds, does it not appeal to the love of self rather than the love of that which is right?

Depend upon it, the representation of local and class interests is at the bottom of much of the petty bribery which has been discovered. If a man enters the House for the purpose of supporting any interest—say, the shipping interest—and not to assist the Legislature in debate and committee by his practical knowledge of the matter, he is no true patriot. He aims not at that which is best for the whole, but that which promises to advance the well-being of the class to which he belongs. True patriotism is shown by desire and efforts that righteousness and justice should prevail among the people, even though one special interest may have to make way for another.

It may be argued that there will be a good practical result if various men defend and promote the particular claims in which they and their constituents are concerned, that fair measures will be carried when each says his say for himself; but cannot we see that gain, not truth, is the ruling motive in all such legislation? And can a nation be exalted thus?

If local or class advantages are to be the object of the individual member or individual constituency, is it not easy to see that the motive will descend, and petty voters, low in mind, if not in station, will apply it to their immediate gain?

Thus it is to be feared that no mere extension of the franchise, no redistribution of seats, no electoral reform will eliminate the poison of bribery from the body politic. The poison will depart only as voters and members desire truth to be sought and justice shown in and by the national legislature, even though some may suffer in the process. A readjustment of the political machinery may be much needed; but, unless the people and those who represent them learn to desire what is *right* as the chief thing, the best Reform Bill that could be devised would not drive out the disease which has lately been revealed in the constituencies of the country. There is but one rule for radical reform, reform that goes to the root of things, and that is, Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself; *i.e.*, seek what is right first, and do not put selfish interests, whatever shape they may take, legal or not, above others.

Improve the structure of the constitution as much as you can. Develop the limbs, multiply the supports of the body politic. Give it free play. Educate the people with no stingy mind. Trust men if you wish them to be trustworthy. Hear what each has to say about that which



comes within his own experience. Cherish the honest utterance of opinion. Try to put yourself in the position of those who view the same facts from another side. Let sentiments clash, but let them come from men who wish the same thing, though they may think differently about the way in which it can be obtained; but fight, as against a deadly influence, with the mean motives which tempt you to say, "I look after my own interests; and my neighbour must look after his." It is this which breeds bribery and all kind of rottenness in the flesh and bones of the state.

### TREE-FERNS.

BY THE REV. C. HENLOW.

TREE-FERNS form one of the most striking and conspicuous, and at the same time elegant, features in the landscape of certain tropical regions. They would seem to unite in themselves the majestic growth of palms, with all the delicacy of the lower ferns, and thus attain a beauty to which nature shows nothing similar.

They are confined to districts within the torrid zone, at least in the northern hemisphere; though in the southern they are found in as high a latitude as the farther extremity of Van Dieman's Land, and at Dusky Bay, New Zealand—i.e., nearly the forty-sixth parallel. This difference is due in all probability to the greater amount of moisture in the atmosphere in the southern hemisphere; inasmuch as a moist and damp climate is such as is especially favourable to their development. Indeed, wherever the tree-ferns appear within the tropics, from the plain to the height of 3000 or 4000 feet, the soil and atmosphere are full of moisture; whereas, on a barren soil, or where the atmosphere is very dry, they are entirely wanting. On tropical mountains of South America, they are found at an elevation varying between 1900 and 3800 feet, the palms and bananas taking their place at a lower elevation. As might be inferred, islands would be expected to abound with these noble creations; and such is the case. The coasts of the Sandwich, Cape de Verd, and Ladrone Islands, as well as New Caledonia, the Isle of France, the Isle of Bourbon, and the most southern of the Friendly Islands in the southern hemisphere, possess, particularly in summer, almost the same climate as is found at the equator, and consequently the same vegetation prevails there as in equatorial regions, only somewhat less luxuriant, since there is generally a deficiency of soil and water. But, in these islands, the palms and bananas quickly disappear when we ascend above the level of the sea; and, at the height of 300 or 400 feet, we enter the region where the shrubby and arborescent ferns predominate.

In the Brasils, Von Martius observed trees of the handsome *Alsophila exelsa*, and of *Didymochlena*, upwards of twenty-five feet in height, and six or eight inches in diameter.

In the eastern hemisphere, Dr. Hooker met the species *Alsophila gigantea* ascending nearly 7000 feet in elevation on the outer (Sikkhim) Himalaya. The black trunks of these ferns are rugged in comparison with those of other species of many other countries, and seldom reach the height of forty feet. Another species, *A. spinulosa*, of which the soft pith is eaten by the native Lepchas in times of scarcity, is very abundant in East Bengal and the peninsula of India; while the last-mentioned *A. gigantea* is far more common from the level of the plains to 6500 feet elevation, and is found as far south as Java.\*

The most luxuriant specimens visited by Dr. Hooker were at Silhet, where, "in the narrow parts of the valleys, the tree-ferns are numerous on the slopes, rearing their slender brown trunks forty feet high, with feathery crowns of foliage, through which the sunbeams trembled on the broad and shining foliage of the tropical herbage below." Similarly, on some of the East Indian Islands, the tree-ferns grow in such numbers that their stems are as close to each other as the slender firs and pines of our plantations.

Beyond the extreme elegance of form, and the beauty of their foliage, tree-ferns possess little or no economic value. The remarkable nature of their wood renders them totally unfit for any purposes to which our ordinary timber-trees can be applied.

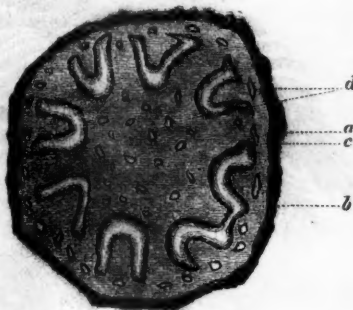


Fig. 1. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF STEM OF *CYATHEA-VESTITA*.

The accompanying woodcut will give some idea of the peculiar structure of the stem. The mass of it consists of soft pith of a brown colour, through which are scattered, about the centre, isolated bundles of hard woody fibres, while near the circumference curiously curled or waved plates of wood occur. These touch one another at different places up the stem, and unite at those points (Fig. 1, *b*). They separate again, to reunite at some higher place up the stem. From these points, where the woody plates unite, bundles of wood pass off externally into the leaves (fronds), and go to form the "ribs" and "veins" which constitute their "skeleton" or framework.

A remarkable difference exists between these plates of wood and that of our own forest trees. In the latter a cross section exhibits a series of concentric circles; these really being transverse sections of cylinders of wood, continuous throughout the tree, and of which the outermost layer is the youngest, one cylinder being formed annually outside that of the preceding year. Moreover, the whole is encased in a separable bark which continues to increase in thickness by yearly additions to its inner surface. But in tree-ferns there is nothing of the sort. The plates of wood, once formed, never increase in size laterally. They grow only at the summit, and thus become elongated as the tree itself increases in height. Again, there is no true bark, as, e.g., in the oak. There is a sort of rind, principally formed by the bases of the leaves, which, as they fall, have diamond or lozenge shaped scars arranged more or less in a spiral manner upon the exterior surface of the stem. The lower part frequently throws out an innumerable quantity of fibre-like roots, giving it somewhat the appearance of an old branch of ivy, and which completely invest the trunk, forming a covering several inches thick; this

\* "Himalayan Journals," vol. ii., p. 3.



GIGANTIC TREE-FERN (*Alsophila gigantea*).

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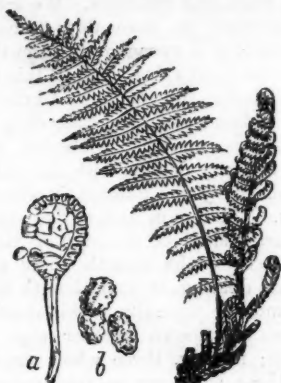
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covering, in fact, being often nearly, if not quite, as thick as the whole diameter of the trunk itself.\*



Fronds of the Male Shield Fern.—(a) Sporangium; (b) spores magnified.

Another point of interest is the method of propagation, which is similar to that of any of our ordinary English ferns. If, for instance, a full-grown frond of the common "male shield fern" (*Aspidium Filix mas.*) be examined, there will be found on the under surface what appear at first sight as minute brown patches, or spots, each being covered by a little disk-like scale. These patches are called *sori*, and constitute the reproductive organs of ferns. Fig. 2 represents a vertical section

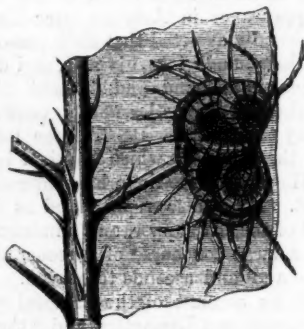


Fig. 2. VERTICAL SECTION MADE THROUGH A SORUS.

made through one of these sori on the frond of a Brazilian tree-fern (*Alsophila nigra*). In this instance, however, there is no scale-like covering, called the *indusium*. A similar absence likewise occurs in our common Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*). The sori of *Alsophila nigra* consist of a number of little "sporangia," supported by short stalks, and growing from a small cellular

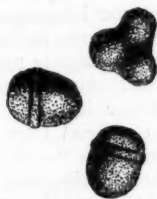
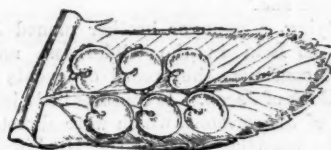


Fig. 3. SPORES.

cushion (of which a section is seen in Fig. 2), from which spring a quantity of delicate-jointed hairs. These

\* These external features can be well seen in the living specimens grown in the conservatories of Kew.

"sporangia" have strong elastic borders, which, on their becoming mature, contract and cause them to burst; when out fall a number of seed-like bodies of a somewhat rounded or angular form, called spores. These, like seeds, fall to the ground (see Fig. 3), germinate, and give rise to young fern-plants. They are not true seeds, because these latter can only be produced by the agency of flowers, or at least certain elements of them, which are essential to their production; and it must be borne in mind that ferns never blossom. Our "royal fern" (*Osmunda regalis*) is sometimes called the "flowering fern," but it is a misnomer, the fact being that, when about to produce its fructiferous organs, it sends up a tall frond of different construction from the rest, and entirely covered with sporangia, few or no green parts accompanying them. Hence it presents some general appearance to a stem crowded with minute blossoms, but its construction is essentially the same as that above described.



Pinna, from a frond of the Male Shield Fern, with six sori, covered with their indusia.

A vast diversity obtains amongst the fronds of different ferns, as well as considerable variety in the form of the indusium, or scales over the sori, as well as in other points. Upon these distinctions the different groups of ferns are made, and receive different names accordingly. Nevertheless, there is a remarkable uniformity in all essential particulars throughout the class. One more particular is, perhaps, worth noticing; namely, that these gigantic tree-ferns come very near in point of structure of their organs of fructification to a minute but rare English fern (*Woodsia ilvensis*), in possessing peculiar hairs or bristle-like processes which rise from beneath the sori.

## MORMONISM.

### II.

IN a previous article a short account was given of Joe Smith, the founder of the sect of "Mormonites," or "Latter-day Saints," and his pretensions to be a "prophet" were examined. The claims of the Book of Mormon to inspiration were also briefly investigated, and its genuineness and authenticity examined. The wickedness of those who palm such a book upon the weak and credulous, as possessing Divine authority, and their folly in receiving it as such, will be further seen from the following brief analysis of its contents.

The history contained in this book is supposed to commence in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. Lehi, the first person mentioned in the history, was a pious Jew, who had dwelt all his days in Jerusalem. In that same year many prophets predicted that, unless the people repented, the great city would be destroyed. Lehi was warned by the Lord in a dream to make his escape before the calamity happened; he accordingly departed into the wilderness, accompanied by his wife and four sons. After journeying some time through the wilderness, they arrive at the great waters, when Nephi, Lehi's youngest son, receives a command from the Lord to construct a ship.

After the ship was completed, the family embarked, and, after much tossing on the ocean, they arrived at their destination. When they had comfortably settled, Nephi received a command from the Lord to make some plates of brass, and to record thereon all the visions he saw, the revelations made to him, and, in fact, "everything sacred that transpired."

In the Second Book of Nephi, an account is given of Lehi's death, together with his patriarchal blessings. After his death his sons quarrel, form themselves into distinct tribes, and all who are not Nephites, take the name of Lamanites. We are also gravely informed that "God caused skins of blackness to come upon them, lest they should be enticing to the Nephites." There is also a long quotation from the Book of the Prophet Isaiah; and the book concludes with a distinct account of all that is now taught concerning repentance, faith, and baptism, declaring it to be "the doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which is the one God, world without end."

Nephi dying, a younger brother named Jacob, who was born to Lehi in the wilderness, receives the plates, and continues the record of events in a book called the Book of Jacob. It contains little besides some specimens of his sermons, which were directed against some of the besetting sins of the Nephites; they are threatened that, unless they repent, "the black skins of the Lamanites shall be whiter than theirs." Among other sins, polygamy is forbidden, which Brigham Young, the present head of the Mormon Church, with the bishops, presidents, and elders, would do well to remember.

Jacob dying, his son Enos receives the plates; he hands them down to his son Jarom, who passes them on to Omni. The three books that go by the names of these three worthies contain little besides the account of sundry wars between the Nephites and the Lamanites. Omni, dying without issue, leaves the plates to one King Benjamin, "He being a just man, and who believes in all prophesyings, and revelations, the speaking of tongues, and of all things which are good." The next time we hear of the plates they are in the hands of a prophet named Mormon, who abridges the account they contain, and gives them up to his son Moroni.

The next book is called the Book of Mosiah, and contains a history of the life and an account of the death of good King Benjamin. He was a preacher of some of the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel; in some instances the very language of the New Testament is used, although he lived and reigned 150 years before the gospels were written. There is also an account of the founding of the Christian Church by one Alma, a prophet, who also constituted himself high-priest; and, without any authority, baptized himself and 204 of the people, appointed priests from among the Nephites, who were descended from Joseph (although the priests were to be of the tribe of Levi). Some fresh plates were also discovered, and put into the possession of Mosiah, which he was enabled to translate, with the assistance of two stones, set in the two rims of a bow. After the work of translation was accomplished, the plates were found to contain an account of the people whose language the Lord confounded at the building of the great tower, up to the time they were destroyed. Mosiah, feeling death to be near, confers all these precious things, viz., the records, the plates and interpreters, upon Alma, the son of Alma before mentioned, and gives up the ghost in the thirty-third year of his reign, in the sixty-third of his life, and 509 years from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem.

The Book of Alma forms a considerable portion of the Book of Mormon, and records various preachings, baptizings, murders, wars, and robberies. We are told that "there were dissenters" in those days "who preached the doctrine of election in synagogues, from the pulpits or holy stands on the Lord's day," and all this took place seventy-two years before the coming of Christ!

The Book of Helaman, like the preceding book, describes chiefly battles, murders, robberies, and every species of crime in every degree, with the addition of a remarkable prophecy, by one Samuel, in which he predicts the coming of the Son of man in five years; "and this," says Samuel, "shall be the sign of his coming; that in the night before he cometh there will be no darkness." After dilating at some length on the end of his coming, and the necessity of his death and resurrection, he makes known another sign that will attend his death; namely, three whole days of total darkness. All these signs, we are told, came to pass, "to the joy of the pious and the confounding the ungodly." The accounts in this book reach down to the coming of Christ and to the end of the six hundredth year from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem.

The next book, we are told, was written by a pious Nephite, a descendant of Nephi, the son of Lehi, and is called the Book of Nephi. In this book an account is given of the sign foretold by Samuel, and of divers crimes and murders, with the capture of the delinquents, and their execution by hanging. There is the usual amount of preachings, baptizings, and miracle working; also, a history of the birth, life, and death of our Lord Jesus Christ; his appearance in America after his resurrection. It is wickedly asserted that 2500 persons, one by one, "thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and his feet." There is also the calling of the twelve apostles, and his conferring upon them authority to baptize. He likewise teaches that immersion is the mode by which baptism is to be administered. He preaches to them his celebrated sermon on the mount. He is also represented as instituting the sacrament of the last supper, and administering that ordinance to a large concourse of persons, after which he touches them all and ascends to heaven. This book concludes with an account of the dreadful wickedness, both of the Nephites and Lamanites, and "the hiding of the plates unto the Lord."

The next book is called the Book of Mormon, who was, as he tells us himself, a very sober young man, who preached much, but with very little effect, so hardened were the people in their wickedness. There is the usual amount of war and bloodshed, with the addition of the offering up of human sacrifices; also an account of a desperate conflict between the Nephites, Lemuelites, Jacobites, Josephites, Zoromites, and Lamanites, in which 230,000 men were slain. At the close of the book, Mormon tells us that the language of the records was called Reformed Egyptian; the reason he gives for their being written in that language in preference to Hebrew was because of the smallness of the plates.

In the Book of Ether is given the history of the people of Jared, who escaped from Babel when their language was confounded, in "eight barges made like unto dishes," and after floating and foundering, swimming and diving for 344 days, they reached the land of promise. As usual, there was a dreadful battle, in which 2,000,000 of men were slain!

The Book of Moroni closes up this monstrous collection of absurdity and blasphemy with directions respecting ordination, and the administration of the sacraments, an essay upon faith, hope, and charity. There is also

an account of frightful murders and acts of cannibalism, with an address to the Lamanites from Moroni; and a statement that it is now 420 years since the sign was given of the coming of Christ, the sealing up and hiding the records in the earth, "from whence they are to hiss forth from generation to generation."

The above bare statement of the contents of this book is quite sufficient to overthrow all the pretensions of the "Latter-day Saints" to its being a Divine revelation. But the evidences of the imposture will be stronger when a closer examination is given to it. For instance, events are spoken of as having taken place several hundreds of years before they really occurred. On page 110 the baptism of Christ is referred to as a past event. "Wherefore, after he was baptized, the Holy Ghost descended upon him in the shape of a dove." Nephi professes to have written this 545 years before Christ was born. On page 121 Jacob exhorts his hearers "to be reconciled to God, through the atonement of Christ, his only begotten Son, that they may obtain a resurrection, according to the power of the resurrection of Christ." This was spoken 500 years before the resurrection of Christ actually took place.

The perfect harmony of the Scriptures is one of the strongest proofs of their inspiration. That different men, at different places, at different times, and under different circumstances, should state substantially the same facts, and teach the same truths, with the utmost harmony and marvellous coincidence of details, is an evidence that they were influenced by the same Divine Spirit. But the Book of Mormon contains the most glaring contradictions, not only in its various parts, but it also flatly contradicts the Scriptures. Lehi and his sons, who are said to be the descendants of Joseph, are represented as consecrating themselves and their children priests to offer sacrifices and burnt-offerings; it also represents God as blessing the new priesthood; while the Scriptures repeatedly affirm that if any man, not of the family of Levi, should take upon him the priest's office, he should surely die. By referring to Numbers xvi., we read that there were slain 250 mighty men of renown, besides 14,000 of the people, in support of the privilege conferred on the family of Levi. On page 458 Christ is represented as choosing the twelve apostles in America. In Matt. x. we read they were chosen in Judea. On page 552 Christ is made to say, "I am the Father and the Son." In John xiv. 16, 17, it is taught that the Son is not the Father, nor the Father the Son; but that they are distinct in person and one in nature. On page 335 it states "that the disciples were called Christians first in America." In Acts xi. 26 we read "that the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." On page 557 Mormon teaches that infants are without original sin. David, in Psalm ii., says that man is "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity." In John iii. we read, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh."

The Mormons have another sacred book, entitled "The Book of Doctrines and Covenants." It contains expositions of doctrine, revelations, and prophecies, which, according to the "Mormon Creed," are "equal in authority to those given through Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and John."

Among many other wicked pretensions they lay claim to is the possession of spiritual gifts, and the power of working miracles. On page 86 of "Doctrines and Covenants," the following promise is made in a pretended revelation to Smith: "And these signs shall follow them that believe:—in my name they shall do many wonderful works; in my name they shall cast out devils; in my name they shall heal the sick; in my name they shall

open the eyes of the blind, and unstop the ears of the deaf, and the tongue of the dumb shall speak; and if any man shall administer poison unto them, it shall not hurt them; and the poison of a serpent shall not have power to harm them." And again, on page 132, "I came unto my own, and my own received me not; but unto as many as received me gave I power to do many miracles."

It is to be observed that Mormonite elders never attempt a miracle except upon, and in the presence of, "saints," as they only have faith. They boast of casting out vast numbers of devils, but none but "saints" can be dispossessed. It is no matter how many others may be troubled with; they must first of all be baptized for the remission of sins, next receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands of the elders, then the devils can be expelled. In one of their publications, the "Millennial Star," for August 1847, there is an account of the dislodgment of 319 devils, who had taken up their abode in an elder and a female "saint."

That miracles were wrought by the prophets, by Christ, and his apostles we firmly believe; they were designed to furnish Divine testimony to the authority of those who professed to be divinely commissioned; they were the Almighty's seal to the truth of the doctrines taught by those who wrought them. That design having been accomplished, they have long since ceased, with other extraordinary gifts.

The revelations contained in this book refer to persons, places, and things; in those which concern Smith, his selfishness is very apparent on page 129. The following commandment is given to the Church:—"Purge ye out the iniquity that is among you, sanctify yourselves before me, and if ye desire the glories of the kingdom, appoint ye my servant, Joseph Smith, jun.; and again I say unto you, that if ye desire the mysteries of the kingdom, provide for him food and raiment, and whatsoever thing he needeth." On page 111 we read, "And in temporal labours thou (Smith) shalt not have strength, for this is not thy calling." And on page 214 he has a revelation, in which the "saints" are informed that "it is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., should have a house built in which to live and translate." It is very evident, from these quotations, that Smith took special care that his own welfare, ease, and comfort should be provided for in his revelations.

His love of money is apparent from the following:—"And let all those who have money send it up to the bishop in Zion," page 89. "And let all the moneys which can be spared, it mattereth not unto me whether it be little or much, be sent up into the land of Zion," page 151. "It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the church, in laying his money before the bishop of the church, and also, this is the law unto every one that cometh into this land—he shall do with his moneys according as the law directs," page 141. The laziness, ambition, and avarice of Smith are evident from the character of these pretended revelations.

There are other revelations in which directions are given to build printing-offices (pages 144, 248), and public inns "for my servant Joseph and his seed for ever" (pages 299, 302), buying land, town lots, tithing; and, as if to perfect the climax of blaspheming absurdity, on page 240 there is a revelation respecting the uses of tobacco, in which it is stated on divine authority that "it is neither to be chewed nor smoked; it is fit neither for the body nor the belly, but is a herb for the bruises of all sick cattle." There are likewise directions how to feed and fat horses, cows, hens, and hogs.



That the Mormon "Book of Doctrines" contradicts the Scriptures will be seen on the most slight examination, and often, like "the Book of Mormon," it contradicts itself. On page 202 we read, "Behold, verily, verily I say unto thee, no one shall be appointed to receive commandments and revelations in this church excepting my servant, Joseph Smith, junior, for he receiveth them even as Moses." According to Smith's account, in thirty days the Lord changed his mind, by giving revelations to Parley P. Pratt, Ziba Patterson, Ezra Thayer, and Northop Sweet—pages 206, 207.

In an address to his followers, after he had been driven from Missouri, he says, "Deep water is what I am wont to swim in: it has become a second nature to me, and I feel, like Paul, to glory in tribulation, for to this day has the God of my fathers delivered me out of them all; and, lo! I shall triumph over all my enemies, for the Lord God hath spoken it," page 315, 334. In this instance, also, he proved a false prophet; so far from triumphing over his enemies, they triumphed over him, and shot him in Carthage Jail on 27th June, 1844.

From what has been stated in the foregoing pages, any reflecting mind must be satisfied that Mormonism is a system the most stupid, fraudulent, and blasphemous that ever has been offered to mankind as a religion coming from God. Thousands of the working classes of this country are under its influence at the present time, and many thousands have been induced to leave their native land for the Salt Lake City. Distance lends enchantment to the view; and the promises it holds out of material prosperity are so many religious bribes. Is it not important, then, that every effort should be made to spread Scriptural knowledge among the people? It is to be regretted that many who might have successfully opposed this wicked system, and so have prevented it getting the hold it has in certain districts, have considered it by far too absurd and contemptible to demand serious attention from them; and, while they have successfully opposed other erroneous systems, they have allowed the advocates of Mormonism to pursue an uninterrupted course in the promulgation of doctrines that are as destructive to the souls of men as they are dishonouring to God. While Popery and infidelity are considered worthy the attention of those who occupy influential positions in the Church of Christ, a system which combines the worst features of both is allowed, so far as they are concerned, to remain unmolested.

Bad as Mormonism was from the first, it is worse now than in the days of its founder. The horrible licentiousness that prevails, under the name of polygamy, is of comparatively recent growth. As already stated, polygamy is contrary to the books of the Mormon creed. It was never announced during the life of Joseph Smith, and after his death was publicly repudiated in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants. It originated with Brigham Young, and was proclaimed as a new revelation in 1852. A recent work, published in Cambridge, U.S., gives a revolting account of "the Mormon Prophet and his Harem." But no written book can make known the wretchedness of the poor emigrant families who fall a prey to the lust and cruelty of the elders and rulers of the saints.\*

\* "If a man, once married, desires to take him a second helpmate, he must obtain the approval of the Seer, or President. The woman is then 'sealed' to him under the solemn sanction of the church. As the Seer, or President, alone possesses the power to approve of these unions, so he alone can absolve the parties from these bonds, should circumstances, in his judgment, render it expedient. It may easily be perceived what a tremendous influence the possession of such a power must give."—*Captain Stansbury's Expedition to Utah*.

## BOOK COLLECTORS.

THE book collector is a being of an order altogether differing from the "bookworm." The latter is a student, an omnivorous reader, a devourer and lover of books, who devotes himself to them for the sake of what they contain—the knowledge and the wisdom to be got out of them. The former is moved by other considerations as well; rarity with him is a far greater recommendation than any other quality you could name; he gloms over the musty odour that centuries only can impart, and is in raptures with a ragged, time-stained, worm-eaten specimen of a Caxton or a De Worde, and will trudge long miles through the muddy streets for a sight (or a smell) of some "tall copy," and will expend his last obolus in the purchase of it rather than let it slip. He buys books with all his disposable cash, and does not care a straw though his outer man goes shabby, so that his shelves are enriched. His leisure days are passed in "bookstalling," in those booky regions, the by-ways, courts, and back streets where old books and the reliques of old books are exposed to the weather and the errant customer. You know him at a glance, by his seedy coat, fluffy hat, slipshod feet, and a kind of hungry eager expression there is in his eye as it runs along the rows of leather backs, while now and then down goes his lean forefinger, like the beak of a foraging crow in the furrow, and lugs out a possible booty. If you watch his bargains, they may sometimes puzzle you; for you will see him carry off triumphantly mere rubbish and waste, fit for nothing, you would say, but to kindle the kitchen fire; but that very rubbish, perhaps, he has been looking for for years, and finds in it the means of completing some scarce tome to which it will supply a missing leaf. He is great at repairs and restorations; he can soften the old stiffened vellum, harden the crusted corners, and reinstate the ancient covers in a way that no modern bookbinder could achieve the task, or would care to attempt it; he will imbed an old torn title-page in a fresh leaf of the old ribbed paper, by softening the pulp of both, and so blending them together that you shall never discover the fact of repair at all. These works of love are the labours of his long evenings by his bachelor fireside, where he will spend hour after hour in dis-dog's-eared a volume of a thousand pages, every one of which has been dog's-eared for generations past. It delights him beyond measure thus to redeem from destruction the objects of his paternal care. In the course of years he picks up much curious information upon books and all relating to them; he gets to know old catalogues by heart, and his own head is a voluminous catalogue with additions and annotations constantly added to it; and thus among his congeners and fellow book-hunters he becomes, as he gets old and grizzled, a recognised authority, a sort of walking encyclopædia, to whom they can have recourse when they find themselves at fault.

The born book-hunter, when of rather superior class, is apt to find himself in the autumn of his days occupying the post of librarian to some public institution, or some kindred post, where he is the careful custodian of treasures which probably he alone is competent to estimate at their true value. It is a good thing for a library, especially if it contain many rare and valuable works, when such a man is the authorised guardian of it. For want of such carefulness as he would exercise, and would teach others to exercise, not a few public libraries—the free lending libraries of cities and towns in particular—are fast going to the dogs. We have ere now been horrified at the reckless usage which

valuable books are absurdly permitted to undergo at the hands of borrowers who have no sense of their value or no reverence for books at all. We have seen presentation copies of choice works—works which the institutions to which they belong can never afford to replace—reduced fifty per cent. in value by a single borrower in a week, and have known them virtually destroyed, so far as they represented any money value, in a month. A librarian who had a right feeling for his business would reform that altogether. On the other hand, there are public libraries in such excellent order and good keeping that one cannot discover anywhere a reparable injury which has not been repaired at the hand or under the direction of their watchful custodians—not a few of them containing treasures which, but for such conscientious guardianship, had long ago mouldered and crumbled to decay. It should be borne in mind that, in this country, owing to the moist and variable atmosphere, and the prevalence of the maggot, books cannot be neglected for long years together with impunity; damp is their worst enemy; where they are not often used they should be displaced once a year at least (in the summer is the best time), and should have the benefit of a fire in winter.

The most remarkable book-collector and librarian (for he figured in both capacities) we ever read of was a native of Perugia, the birth-place of the famous painter Pietro Vannucci, better known, we might almost say only known, as Pietro Perugino. Perugia abounds in books and collections of books; but that which is called the "Public Library" claims distinction above the rest, from the singular and essentially comic history of its founder, of whom, and of whose books, after the lapse of near three hundred years, the following amusing account is given in the "Fortnightly Review":—

In the year 1582, there lived at Perugia one Prospero Podiani, who must have been one of the queerest of all the queer old fellows who have so often taken it into their heads to make collections of dusty tomes. Prospero had got together some seven thousand of these, and one fine morning announced that, at his death, he would bequeath them to the city, which was meanwhile to enjoy the free use of them. They were accordingly carted to the Palazzo Comunale. But the patriotic old Podiani was not going to be robbed of his reward even in this life. He followed his books to the Palazzo, where, in consideration of his munificence, he was not only housed, but was granted by the Decemvirs an honourable place at their own table, and an annuity of one hundred and fifty ducats. In 1592, however, this annuity was taken from him by pontifical decree. Forthwith the indignant Podiani revoked his gift, and made the authorities carry all the books back again to his own house. He had lived rent-free for ten years; he had eaten, we may be sure, ten times three hundred and sixty-five good dinners at the public expense, and always sitting in "an honourable place at the table;" he had received fifteen hundred ducats. But the outraged Prospero took no heed of these. His books should go back; and back they went. One can readily understand how he would then become surrounded by a crowd of legacy-hunters, most of them monks and religious, eager to get all these seven thousand volumes for their respective communities. He made a succession of bequests. First, he gave them to the Dominicans, then to the Cassinesi, then to the Duke of Altemps, then to the Augustinians, then to the Cathedral, then to the Seminary, then to the Bishop, then to the Capuchins, then to the Vatican, then to one *Æneas* Baldeschi, and, finally, to the Jesuits. These last having got a bequest made in their favour, there was a pause in

the struggle, and in the bibliomaniac's will-making. Probably, with their wonted skill, they locked the door and mounted guard, and let nobody else come near him. Jesuits are cunning, if you like; but women are more cunning still, and a woman got through the keyhole somehow, and tripped up even the followers of Loyola. If the old fellow in 1600 did not actually marry! He married and had two sons; and this was more than enough to invalidate and revoke each and every prior bequest.

She must have been a clever woman, for we hear of no more will-making in favour of monks, or cities, or Jesuits, till 1615, when Giacomo Baldeschi, some relation probably of *Æneas*, got round him and induced him to make a formal bequest to the city. Perhaps Mrs. Prospero Podiani had grown incautious from excessive confidence, or had begun to lose her first influence. Be this as it may, in 1615, I say, he again left his library in the city of Perugia. I cannot think but that the struggle would have commenced afresh, and that there would have been another series of codicils, had not Prospero, luckily for the city, suddenly died in the November of that year, and left books, and children, and friars, and decemvirs to settle the affair amongst themselves as best they might; for, despite his last formal bequest, there was yet a good deal to settle. The authorities immediately carted his books back again once more to the Palazzo. Litigation forthwith began. The sons of the deceased put in their claim, and the Jesuits followed by asserting theirs. Everybody else stood aside, content to watch the issue as tried between these great contending parties. Not many monks, however—not many Dominicans, Augustinians, Cassinesi, or Cappucini, I guess—lived to see the result, which was not declared for two-and-fifty years. In 1667, not before, was the city of Perugia declared to be the rightful heir of the Prospero Podiani who had died in 1615. I confess that in the whole range of comedy I meet with no such comic figure as this old fellow, making and unmaking testaments. Not in Plautus, not in Terence, not in Molière—and where else should I look?—do I meet with this whimsical book-collector's equal. I never pass the Palazzo Comunale but I fancy Prospero Podiani is within, sitting in an honourable place, and eating his dinner for nothing. I laughed at him first, and I laugh at him still. But I have a liking for him also; for see! he left his books to none of the above. He left them all to me. Morning after morning have I spent in that library, and nobody came to keep me company, only a door-keeper, who handed me down what books I could not reach, and sat near the doorway cobbling shoes in the interval.

But even in 1667 Perugia had not done with Prospero Podiani. Fifty years later his bequest had been succeeded by so many others that it was necessary to transfer all the volumes, thus become the property of the city, from the Palazzo to a more convenient locality. This was accordingly done in 1717, and on the staircase of the library, as I daily mount, I read in print on a marble tablet, the Latin assurance that Prospero Podianus is deemed to be worthy of on no account yielding to the chief personages of our age in nobility and greatness of mind, as principally manifested in his foundation of this library. Bravo, Prospero Podiani! You bought your immortality more cheaply than anybody I ever heard of. You behaved very oddly about some seven thousand volumes, ate three thousand six hundred and fifty dinners at the expense of your fellow-citizens, and are solemnly pronounced by them one of the great men of the age. Who shall say after this that the world is ungrateful?

## Original Fables.

### CAT AND KITTEN.

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

"GRANNY, granny! the air is full of canaries; it is, granny! Just like Miss Lily's, in the cage—the cage, granny, that she rubbed my nose against because I just looked at it." And the Kitten stood with her back arched, her tail straight up, and her eyes as bright as stars and as round as beads.

"Nonsense!" cried the old Cat.

"Well, then, they are butterflies. Yes; they are butterflies!" said Kitty, lifting up one little paw for a start.

"Butterflies in December!" said the old Cat, contemptuously.

"Then—then—then—they are—," cried Kitty, and off she scampered without waiting to finish, and, jumping up to catch one, fell backwards and over and over.

"They are nothing but dead leaves, granny!" she exclaimed, returning with an air of disappointment.

"Of course, they are dead leaves. I knew that," said the old Cat.

"Did you? Then why didn't you tell me so?" asked Kitty, half affronted.

"Because, my dear," replied the old Cat, "young people are apt to set a higher value on what they have some trouble in learning than on what they get for nothing."

### THE LAKE AND THE SKY.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

"Au!" cried the Lake, "once more I have you, once more we are united!" And the smooth waters trembled as they reflected the unclouded azure of the Heavens.

"Friend," replied the Sky, "the clouds and vapours which so long have separated us are but clouds and vapours transient and fading; they come without our bidding, and pass away we know not how; while you remain the same, and I remain the same, though they may seem to part us—it is only *seeming*—they vanish, and we are one again, as if we had never been divided."

### THE ROSE AND THE SNAIL.

WHY ALL COMERS MAY NOT BE WELCOME.

"I CANNOT think, Miss, how it is that you are so uncivil to me," said a Snail to a Rose. "You are seldom without company, and always seem happy in it; bees, butterflies, and even little shining beetles make themselves at home with you; they rejoice in your perfume and feast on your nectar unrebuked, but if I presume to climb your stem I meet with prickles and thorns, which force me back with pain and mortification."

"Sir!" replied the Rose, with a look of disgust, "my friends the bees, the butterflies, and even the little beetles, are always welcome to the best entertainment I can give them; for, whatever they take away, they leave no defilement behind them. But, while I have a prickle or a thorn left to defend myself, rest assured I will never subject myself to the contamination of your odious slimy trail."

### THE HEDGE AND THE BRAMBLE.

FRUIT BEFORE FLOWERS.

"How unsightly are your long, wiry, prickly arms sprawling over the hedge; I think you might have more modesty than to come so close to us!" said a beautiful Hedge Rose to a Bramble; "I wonder you are allowed here!"

"Madam," replied the Bramble, "I am neither handsome nor fragrant, as you are, I admit; you *promise* much fairer than I do, and any one who saw us both would expect to fare better on you than on me when the time came for flowers to change into fruit; and yet, excuse my freedom, you bring forth nothing but *birds' meat*, while I feast multitudes of men, women, and children with my 'poor man's mulberries.' So, on the whole, you might more profitably be spared from the hedge than I!"

### THE BRIDGE AND THE WILLOW.

REMEMBER THE HILLS.

"WHERE'S the Brook?" said the Willows to the little Bridge. "Where, indeed!" replied the Bridge, looking down contemptuously on the threadlike stream beneath its massy arch.

"Why, it's quite dried up!" said the Willows.

"A poor, contemptible thing! I am really ashamed of standing over it. Any one might step across. I ought to occupy a position where my value would be felt," said the Bridge.

Presently the rain fell, and the Hills sent down their streams into the little Brook, and swelled it to a torrent.

"Where's the Bridge?" asked the Willows.

"Ah!" replied the Brook, as it rushed foaming by them, "I have carried it away in ruins. I thought that day, when he and you despised me, that, poor as I was in your eyes when my own simple worth was concerned, you ought to have remembered what I could become when I was helped from the Hills!"

### FROGS AND TADPOLES;

OR, ALL THINGS IN THEIR SEASON.

"Look at those foolish creatures!" croaked an old Frog to a neighbour who squatted beside him on the margin of a pool in which some Tadpoles were making merry. "I have lectured them times out of mind; I have, indeed; and the moment my back is turned they are at it again."

"Well," said the neighbour, "they look uncommonly happy; suppose you and I go and take a turn with them?"

"My dear friend, you shock me!" croaked the old Frog. "Consider our age and dignity; it would be most unbecoming!"

"Not a bit more, friend, than their sitting solemnly by us would be in them. You are right. Frogs ought to behave like Frogs; but then you should not object to Tadpoles behaving like Tadpoles."

### THE MILLER AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

BOUNDS TO FORBEARANCE.

THEY had a spite against the owner, and so they wanted to destroy the Mill.

"We cannot bear those sails," they said; "they are unsightly, and you can work by water."

"All right," said the Miller; "take them away."

"What do you want with this water-wheel? Surely, grinding may be done by hand. We shall cut off the stream, or take away the wheel."

"All right," said the Miller; "we will grind by hand."

"I can't see what you want with this shaped building: square walls are as good as round; we will pull it down and build it up again," they said, encouraged by his peaceable spirit. In fact, the Miller had made enough to live without his mill, and was ready to please his neighbours even at a sacrifice to himself. As to rebuilding the Mill, however, he demurred a little; said the round building had worked well, but if they must change it, they must; he would not resist them.

"We shall put another foundation," they said. "We want to get rid of this one."

Then he started up, and brandished his stick, and cried, "Take my sails! take my wheel! cut off my stream! pull down my walls! but *lay a finger on the foundation* and you are all dead men. I might believe your changes might turn out improvements, though I didn't like them; but when it comes to touching the stone on which it has rested ever since it was a Mill, I see what your meaning is: you want to overthrow it altogether and bury us in its ruins."

### THE JAR AND THE GILDED CROCK.

A HINT TO HYPOCRITES.

AN earthen Jar of homely appearance stood by one of gilded crockery.

"I'm surprised at your ignorance and presumption," said the glittering vessel: "how can you stand unabashed by my side?"

"I am abashed," said the Jar; "but it is for you, not for



myself. I am what I seem, rough and homely; but you, though no whit better than I am, would take in the world by the shining dross you are coated with. *Of all despicable characters, a hypocrite is the lowest.*"

### THE CIPHERS AND THE UNIT.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

"WHAT rank injustice!" cried the Ciphers in the sum of £100,000—"such assurance of that mean little stroke to stand before us, as if we were mere nobodies—fine, handsome, well-made fellows as we are, and five times the number of us!"

"Let us push on and drive the little thing into its proper place, behind," they cried again: "you know he would be one—simply one—if it were not for us."

"Take care what you do," said the Unit. "If your being behind gives me magnitude of value, know that it is my being before that gives you any value at all. While I am here (simple as I am), and you are there (fine fellows as you are), we stand for one hundred thousand; but if you take the lead from me and step to the front, we shall not, altogether, count for more than an infinitesimal part of one!"

### THE OYSTER AND THE HERMIT CRAB.

CHANGE-COATS GET COLD LOOKS.

"WELL, if that isn't a cut direct!" said a Hermit Crab to an Oyster.

"I ask your pardon, sir; truly, I didn't know you," said the Oyster.

"I knew you," said the Hermit Crab.

"Yes, sir; but, you see, I am always an oyster, so you have no difficulty about it; but you are sometimes in one shell and sometimes in another, so that it's no easy matter to recognise you, and to understand that you are the same, while you wear such different garbs. You mustn't wonder if your friends look cool on you while you try their discrimination and faith so severely."

### THE LARK AND THE OWLET.

OUR EXPERIENCE IS NOT ALL EXPERIENCE, AND OUR KNOWLEDGE IS NOT THE ONLY TEST OF TRUTH.

"MOTHER, are there any of us beyond those mountains?" said an Owlet to the old bird, as they sat in the bright moonlight watching for prey.

"No, child; we are the only owls in the world," replied the mother.

"Do you see those mountains?" said the Owlet, just as he was going to bed, to a Lark as he was rising from a corn-field near, to begin his morning song.

"Yes; and I hope soon to see them more clearly," said the Lark.

"There are no owls behind them," said the Owlet: "we are the only owls in the world."

"Who told you that?" inquired the Lark.

"Our mother," said the Owlet.

"So I thought," said the Lark. "I'm sorry to say owls may be found everywhere; and if your mother could fly even as high as I can, and bear the light but as well, she would know better than to talk such nonsense!"

### THE BALLOON AND THE BUBBLES.

RIDICULOUS CLAIMS REBUKED.

"BROTHER, brother!" cried some Soap-bubbles, as they sailed up in the air where a large balloon was just rising.

"Brother!" said the Balloon, looking surprised.

"Yes; we are made exactly on the same principle with you, and are undeniably of the same family," said the Bubbles.

"The same family!" replied the Balloon. "May be so; but every family has two ends, top and bottom; and they are so far apart, and so little alike, that few would believe in the relationship; and when the lowermost end claims it, it makes the top contemptuous, and itself ridiculous."

## Varieties.

**LONDON ROOKS.**—Rooks usually build on tall trees, and are met with in London. In 1838 a pair of rooks formed a nest on the crown over the vane of St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, Crutchedfriars. They had a nest on the tree at the corner of Wood Street in 1836; and two others were built in 1845. A pair once built between the wings of the dragon on Bow Church. Rooks' nests were found in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and the birds were very numerous in the gardens of Carlton House. In Gower Street, in a little back garden, near University College, they still flourish, and there is a colony in a large tree in the Marylebone Road, opposite Devonshire Place. Old trees, when barked, previous to being felled, are immediately deserted by the rook tribe.—*Harting's Birds of Middlesex.*

[Many curious facts about rooks will be found in "Birds and Bird Life," a volume published at "The Leisure Hour" office.]

**DR. LIVINGSTONE.**—Dr. Kirk, the friend and companion of Livingstone, writes:—"I am delighted to hear that Baker and Grant have had their services acknowledged by our Government, and I doubt not the President of the Geographical Society has been useful in showing our rulers that such men are a credit to their country. We must have Livingstone next. He is the greatest of all our living African travellers; and should he die without national acknowledgment, it is not he but the nation that will be the loser. Poor Speke! how sad it is to reflect that this pioneer of Nyanza travellers died without honours having been conferred on him."

**SOUTH LONDON REFUGE AND SOUP KITCHEN.**—An appeal in support of this institution for the houseless and destitute poor has been published by Mr. William Carter, the treasurer, 165, Walworth Road, S. The premises on Southwark Bridge Road are worthy of being visited, and the charity is worthy of help.

**THE ENGLISH NATION DESCRIBED BY M. MONTALEMBERT.**

—In his "History of the Monks of the West," M. Montalembert gives the following graphic sketch of the English national character:—"There exists in modern Europe, at seven leagues distance from France, within sight of our northern coasts, a people whose empire is more vast than was that of Alexander or the Cæsars, who are at once the freest and the mightiest, the richest and most manifold, the most undaunted and the most orderly that the world has known. No study is more instructive than the character of this people; none presents so original an aspect, or stranger contrasts. Liberal and intolerant, pious and inhuman, loving order and security as much as movement and renown, they feel a superstitious respect for the letter of the law, and practise the most unbounded personal independence. Conversant, as none others are, with all the arts of peace, and yet unconquerable in war, of which they sometimes are even passionately fond, too often strangers to enthusiasm, but incapable of faint-heartedness, they know not what it is to be discouraged or enervated. At one time they count all by the measure of their gains or their caprices, at another they get heated for a disinterested idea or a passion. As fickle as any other race in their affection and their judgment, they always know where to stop, and they are gifted at once with a power of initiative which nothing astonishes, and a perseverance which nothing turns aside. Eager for conquest and discoveries, they wander or rush to the utmost boundaries of the earth, and they return more attached than ever to their home, and more resolute in upholding its dignity and perpetuating its ancient stability. Implacable haters of constraint, they are yet voluntary slaves to tradition and to discipline freely accepted, or to prejudices handed down to them through generations. No people have been oftener conquered, but none have so absorbed and transformed their conquerors. None have persecuted Catholicism with more unrelenting and sanguinary hatred; even at this day none appear more hostile to the Church, of which yet none have more need; none have been more wanting to it; none have left in its bosom a more irreparable void; but none have lavished on our proscribed bishops, priests, and monks a more generous hospitality. Inaccessible to modern convulsions, that island has been an inviolable asylum for our exiled fathers and our princes, not less than for our most violent enemies. Neither the selfishness of these islanders, nor their indifference, too often cynical, towards the sufferings and the servitude of others, should make us forget that in their country, more than any other, man belongs to himself and governs himself. It is

there that the nobleness of our nature develops itself in all its splendour, and there attains its highest perfection. It is there that the noble passion of independence, combined with the genius of association, and the constant practice of self-control, have given birth to these prodigies of energy, of indomitable vigour, of stubborn heroism, which have triumphed over seas and climates, over time and distance, over nature and tyranny, and have excited the envy of all peoples and the haughty enthusiasm of the English. Loving liberty for her own sake, and loving nothing without her, they owe little to their kings, who were nothing but through them and for them. On them alone rests the formidable responsibility of their history. After undergoing as much, and more than any other nation of Europe, the horrors of political and religious despotism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they were the first and the only people who threw it off once and for ever. Reinstated in their ancient rights, their proud and brave nature has ever since kept them from delivering over to any one their rights, their destiny, their interests, or their free will. They themselves know what to resolve and what to do; governing, raising up, inspiring their great men, instead of being seduced, led astray, or made the matter of traffic by them. The English race has inherited the pride, as it has inherited the grandeur, of the people whose rivals and whose heirs they are, of the Roman people—not the vile Romans enslaved by Augustus, but the sterling Romans of the Republic. But that race, like the Romans to their tributaries, has been fierce and rapacious in Ireland, and has inflicted, even down to recent times, the servitude and degradation which it repudiates with horror for itself. Like ancient Rome, often hated, and too often deserving of hatred, it will always excite, even among its most favourable judges, more of admiration than of love. But, more fortunate than Rome, that race is, after a thousand years and more, still full of youth and youthful vigour. Progress, gradual, imperceptible, but never interrupted, has created for it an inexhaustible store of force and life. Its sap overflowed yesterday, and will overflow to-morrow. More fortunate than Rome, and despite of a thousand inconsistencies, a thousand excesses, a thousand foul blots, the English race is, of all modern races and of all Christian communities, the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases of every society worthy of man—the spirit of liberty, the spirit of family, and the spirit of religion. How has this nation, in which Pagan pride still survives and triumphs, and which has yet remained even in error the most religious of all the nations of Europe—how came it to be Christian? The question is surely the most important of all those which history makes mention of, and its interest is the more important when we consider that on the conversion of England depended, and still depends, the conversion of many millions of souls. English Christianity was the source of the Christianity of Germany. From the depths of Germany the missionaries formed by the Anglo-Saxons carried the faith into Scandinavia, and among the Slaves; and day after day, at the present moment, either by the fruitful expansion of Irish orthodoxy, or by the stubborn impulsion of Protestant propagandism, Christian societies are created, speaking English and living English life, through the whole of North America, in both the Indies, in vast Australia, and among the islands of the Pacific. Over nearly half the world Christianity has flowed, or will flow, from the source which first gushed out from the soil of Britain."

**FRANKLIN RELICS.**—The officers of the American whale-ship "Antelope" lately brought home information of discoveries made by C. F. Hall respecting the Franklin Expedition. Mr. Hall possesses a gold watch, some silver spoons, and other relics supposed to have belonged to the Franklin party. He also learnt that the remains of some of Franklin's men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay, where they had been placed by the natives after death. Mr. Hall, according to the latest accounts, purposed endeavouring to make his way where the remains are said to be situated; and the results of his expedition are anxiously awaited in case any papers may be found.

**GROANS OF THE POPE.**—That Sub-Alpine Government, in spite of ecclesiastical censures and of our just complaints, has sanctioned laws totally contrary to the Catholic Church, to its doctrine and its rights, and condemned by us; it has promulgated a law respecting civil marriage, as it is called—a law quite contrary not only to Catholic doctrine, but likewise to the well-being of civil society. Such a law tramples under foot the dignity and sacredness of marriage, destroys it as an institution, and encourages a concubinage that is perfectly scandalous. In fact, a marriage cannot take place amongst the faithful without there being at the same time a sacrament,

It belongs, therefore, exclusively to the Church to decide on everything concerning the sacrament of marriage. Moreover, that Government has not feared to sanction a law suppressing throughout its entire territory all religious corporations of both sexes; it has appropriated all their property, and a great deal of other property belonging to the Church, and has ordered it to be divided. Before entering into possession of the province of Venetia, it did not hesitate to extend thereto the same laws, and it enjoined, contrary to all law and justice, the total abrogation and annihilation of the convention which was come to between us and our very dear son in Jesus Christ, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. Therefore, faithful to the very serious duty of our Apostolic ministry, we raise anew our voice on behalf of religion, of the Church, of its holy laws, the rights belonging to the authority of this chair of St. Peter; and with all our strength we deplore and condemn all and each of the things which, contrary to the Church, its laws, and its rights, have been decreed, done, and attempted by the Sub-Alpine Government, and by all other subordinate authorities; and by our Apostolic authority we abrogate and proclaim null and void, and without force or effect, all the aforesaid decrees and everything that appertains to them.

**MASTODON REMAINS.**—One of the largest and most perfect mastodons known has recently been discovered in digging the foundation for a mill at Cohoes, near Troy, in the United States. It was found 83 feet below the surface of the ground, and in so perfect a condition that it is believed that the skeleton can be restored. The animal must have been at least 20 feet in length and 15 in height. The tusks measure 8 ft., and the jaw is 4 ft. 9 in. in length from the mouth to the cranium. The remains have been carefully collected, and it is stated that Professor Agassiz will draw up a report on them.

**HYBERNATION OF A TORTOISE.**—In the early summer of 1865, I received, per post, a tortoise from Corfu, and not charged as overweight, of one ounce. He was turned into my front garden plat under the windows, and seen through the warm sunny days wandering about and eating tender cabbage or lettuce leaves if put before him, in addition to his ordinary food of grass or flower leaves. Usually very slow, he sometimes moved rather faster, and made more way in a shorter time than could have been anticipated. At last, early in October, certainly before the middle of the month (and I am sorry I did not mark the exact date), he departed this upper earth, and was seen no more. When the spring of the year 1866 arrived, the question arose more frequently, "I wonder if ever dear little Torty will appear again?" Alas! the hope faded, and midsummer came, with some fine weather, in vain. But on the 22nd of June he gladdened our sight again! We fancied he had grown, being a perception broader and not quite so long as a common hen's egg; and so he was weighed, and found neither wanting nor gaining. He resumed his usual habits, but, owing to the wet season, was not so much about. During the latter days of September to the 27th, he was observed to scrape (as it were) shallow beds in the mould, not as digging in to bury, or, let us hope, burrow himself, and before the 1st of October was again hid away in his winter quarters, and I have reason to think, under the root of (*absit omen*) a funeral yew-tree! The remarkable part of this narrative is that the hybernation of this animal endured above eight, and nearly nine months; and it may be worth while to state the fact as perfectly authentic, from yours—W. J., Bushey Heath.

**EMIGRANTS' HOMES IN AMERICA.**—**TERMS OF ACQUIRING LAND.**—During the last fiscal year 4,629,312 acres of public land were disposed of, 1,892,516 acres of which were entered under the Homestead Act. The policy originally adopted relative to the public lands has undergone essential modifications. Immediate revenue, and not their rapid settlement, was the cardinal feature of our land system. Long experience and earnest discussion have resulted in the conviction that the early development of our agricultural resources, and the diffusion of an energetic population over our vast territory, are objects of far greater importance to the national growth and prosperity than the proceeds of the sale of the land to the highest bidder in open market. The pre-emption laws confer upon the pioneer who complies with the terms they impose the privilege of purchasing a limited portion of "unoffered lands" at the minimum price. The homestead enactments relieve the settler from the payment of purchase money, and secure him a permanent home, upon the condition of residence for a term of years. This liberal policy invites emigration from the Old and from the more crowded portions of the New World. Its propitious results are undoubted, and will be more signally manifested when time shall have given to it a wider development.—President Johnson's Message.